

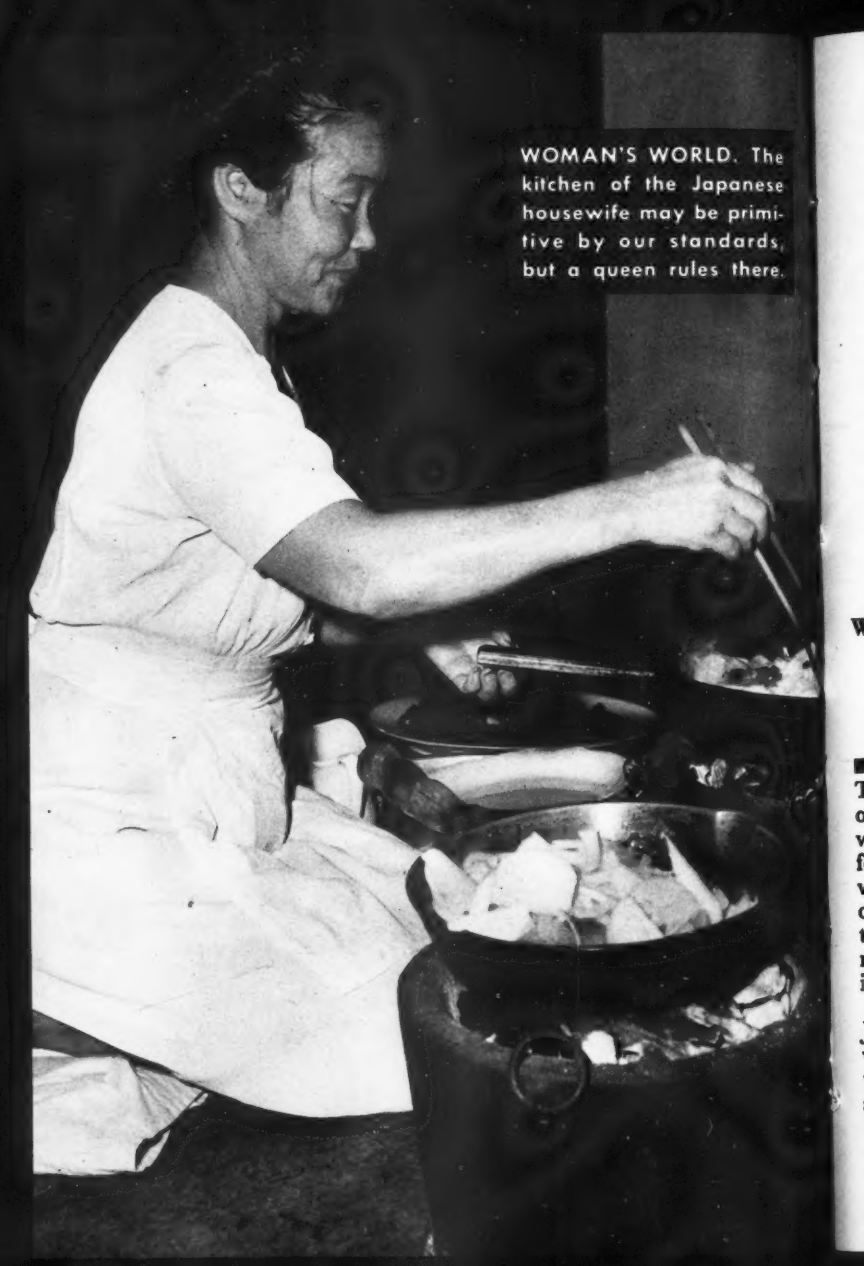
THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

OCTOBER 1956



This issue: 1,600 MILES ON A JUNGLE RIVER



WOMAN'S WORLD. The kitchen of the Japanese housewife may be primitive by our standards, but a queen rules there.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



When wifey plays her trump card what can her hubby do?

BY THOMAS W. TAKAHASHI, M.M.

■ IT'S a man's world in the Orient. The Japanese men pride themselves on their ability to lord it over the women. But many a man will confess that, inside the home, the woman is the ruler. The supremacy of the men over the women seems to be only in the face-saving externals when the whole world is an interested bystander.

However, the behavior of the Japanese men in relation to their wives is one of those simple things that are hard to understand. Love seems to play but a minor role in the Japanese domestic scene. But does it?

One day I got a letter; it was

mailed from the next prefecture, in a neighboring diocese. The writer wanted to know if it would be all right for him to come to Sonobe to discuss with the priest a problem that had to do with his wife. An appointment was made and the gentleman presented himself at the rectory some days later. After the usual greetings he said that he came on behalf of his wife who is a Catholic.

His wife had spent five years in a tuberculosis sanatorium in Osaka. While convalescing, she became interested in the Church. She had received instructions and been baptized. When she returned home eight months ago, the husband was

greatly impressed with the change his wife's faith had brought into her life. But he noticed that something was lacking.

He finally brought the thing out into the open by asking her what was the matter. She replied that since returning home she had not been able to receive the sacraments; she felt very lonesome for those spiritual comforts. She tried to explain the meaning of the sacraments to her husband, telling him that she had not mentioned it before, fearing he would not understand.

The husband then told his wife that he knew of a Catholic church in Sonobe. He promised to go to Sonobe and make arrangements with the priest to bring the sacraments to the anxious woman.

"Since my wife's return," the husband told me, "I have started to read the New Testament and some books on the doctrine. I am interested now and I hope to receive baptism once I am sufficiently acquainted with the Church's doctrine."

The husband had brought along the wife's baptismal certificate to sort of clinch matters. I assured him that I would bring the sacraments to his wife. I explained that, since he lives in another diocese, the permission of the local pastor would be required.

The parish where the couple live is located in a city called Sanda, in the Osaka Prefecture. Travel conditions are such that it would take a priest over three hours to reach their home and it would involve making three changes. The distance from the Sonobe rectory to their home is but an hour by motorcycle. I

made a definite appointment to bring the sacraments. The husband left, very pleased and thankful.

After lunch, I had about two hours till the next appointment so I decided to drive out to see where the Catholic lady lived. I arrived at the house after having asked directions only about five times. My reason for going at that time was to make certain where the house is located. I introduced myself to the wife and stayed for a short visit. I assured her that I would be back next week with the sacraments. The return trip to Sonobe was made in less than an hour.

The husband who had come to the rectory is now the postmaster in his village. He was a grade-school and middle-school teacher until he retired from the teaching profession. He is greatly respected in the village.

The way his wife could wrap him around her little finger left me wondering. Is it a man's world in Japan?

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.



1,600 Miles on a Jungle River!

■ FATHER VALLADON and I felt at home as we crossed the Peruvian border and ran up the Bolivian flag on the *Hermanito*. We were starting a trip down the Madre de Dios River; our destination was Riberalta. One of the early stops was at Umaiita.

Umaiita is a sad-looking village on top of a high bank. The people there had very little food — no sugar, no salt, no *plantanos*, no yucca. The administrator was absent; he spends his time seeking consolation out of a bottle instead of taking care of his people.

That night we were sitting on the boat at dusk. A balsa raft passed on the river, and we could barely see the silhouettes of three people. They were shouting for a canoe to come and get them. The river goes by Umaiita at a great clip and with

Mountains of rice, yucca, deer and monkeys disappeared.

BY RICHARD McMONIGAL, M.M.

a constant roar. One of the men came running down from the houses and asked us to bring the people in; there was no canoe. We jockeyed alongside and found one man and two women sitting on a tiny balsa raft that was almost completely under water. Each woman had a baby in her arms. We were amazed at their courage.

They had traveled all day on that tiny raft to get the babies baptized. They had hoped to catch us at the previous stop, but they missed us

there and continued downstream. We got them all aboard, shoved the raft away and returned to shore. They could never have gotten the raft in against that swift current.

Life on the river falls into kind of a routine. Get up; say Mass on board or in a village if we are anchored; clean up the boat; try to think what to fix for lunch if we haven't been invited out to eat. There is so little food in the river towns that we have to eat most of our meals on board. We were going through our food at a rate to make us wonder if it would last until we got to the nearest supermarket, 500 miles away.

One Sunday was the birthday of Pablo the pilot. We hadn't had any fresh meat on board for a couple of days, but that day Pablo shot a manechi monkey. We were able to land and find the place where it had fallen in the jungle.

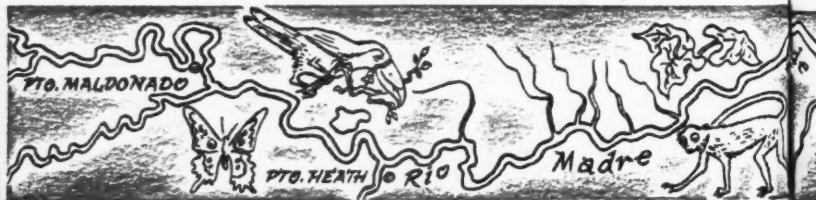
My summers of cooking on the *Empire Builder* of the Great Northern Railroad had not prepared me for a situation like that. Even my cooking "bible," Betty Crocker's *Cookbook* didn't have a recipe for cooking monkey. So with a hope and a prayer, I made one up. [For recipe, see page 7.]

River travel is an endless struggle with every kind of insect; days of rain and rare hours of sun —

when everything has to be put out to dry. The launch then looks like a Chinese laundry with washed clothing drying in the sun. We should return healthy because we are covered most of the time by a nice penicillin mold. There are hours of boredom when no one talks — each goes about his business. There are hours that pass rapidly, talking, reading or writing.

There are moments of consolation with baptisms, confirmations and marriages. One sets up the altar for Mass against some scabrous-looking building; and for half an hour centuries roll back and a small mean-looking village in the middle of the jungle is transformed into a soaring cathedral, as God comes down upon the altar to visit His people. The people attending don't understand the Mass. They know it is important and treat it with respect but we can't stay long enough to teach them. God speed the day when parts of the Mass will be in the vernacular so that the people can understand just by listening.

Baptism and confirmation, they want for their children. Marriage is a luxury, a tie that binds, one they are not quite ready to invest in or make a sacrifice for. As we seek godparents for baptism our conversations are pointed and blunt as to who is living with whom; as to



whether Bertha in the house is really a cook or perhaps a little handmaid too.

One has to see it, to appreciate the tremendous volume of water that rushes down from the mountains of Peru, through Bolivia to Brazil, ending up in the Atlantic Ocean. This river has practically no banks so its water spreads out insidiously through the jungles, filling all the low spots. After these are filled, the water continues rushing on down to where it meets the flooded Beni and Orton Rivers, and becomes like a gigantic inland sea. Many people are flooded out; in some places we can just see the straw roofs of the houses sticking up.

Flood water can be treacherous too, as we found out. One day we decided to go hunting on an island. We landed in a small canvas kayak. Rosalino and I went one way and Pablo the other. We crossed over some low land and arrived at a small lake but found no ducks, so we continued on. At one spot we had to jump across a small stream about six feet wide where water was rushing out of the lake.

After hunting an hour we started to turn back and then became conscious of the roar of the water.

"Let's get out of here," said Rosalino. "The island is flooding."

We made several big detours to

by-pass water that was rushing in. When we approached the outlet, the roar was deafening. The stream was now about twelve feet wide, the current furious. Rosalino took a running jump, grabbed a big vine that was swinging over the middle and so got across. I was wearing rubber hip boots and couldn't jump that far.

I started wading across; the current almost knocked me off my feet. I finally reached the middle and was able to hang onto the vine with both hands. But then I couldn't move in either direction. I stayed there about five minutes, struggling. The water came up and filled my boots. I was rooted by gallons of water that was sloshing around in each boot.

Rosalino ran into the jungle, found a pole and held it out to me. I took hold and inched across to where I could grab his arm; he pulled me out by brute force. I emptied my boots and we hurried on. We could hear Pablo shouting.

We came to a low spot that had been dry when we entered but it now held six feet of water. We started across, going deeper and deeper until water covered our chests. We struggled along, holding the guns high above our heads and got out onto higher ground where we could relax a little. Pablo told us he had been standing there when a



MISSION SUNDAY MISSION SUNDAY MISSION SUNDAY MISSION SUNDAY

wall of water rolled in, flooding the place within minutes. He had shouted to us to hurry so as not to get caught on the other side.

We got in the kayak and paddled out to the launch. Pablo and I got on board. Rosalino swung the kayak around to tie it to the stern. There the swift current dumped him overboard. His feet were caught in the boat and the current was pushing his head down into the water.

I was struggling to get out of the hip boots to go in to help him when his feet came free and he was able to swim. We all had a good laugh as we dragged him out.

One night we were sleeping on the launch in one of the ports. Suddenly the *Hermanito* began to shiver and shake and roll and pitch. Father Valladon and I sat up abruptly. The night was beautifully clear. The mooring chain was making a great noise so I got up to see if it was loose.

The *Hermanito* is a big craft — 40 feet long and 10 feet wide — it takes a lot to move it. But it was pitching badly; I could hardly stay on my feet. Pablo, who was sleeping ashore, heard the noise and came down to see what was the matter. We thought a tree had fallen in the water or that the bank had caved in but there was no land close enough for that to have happened. After

five minutes the noise stopped. We were still mystified because the rest of the river had been calm. The people weren't when we told them. "It's the Beast!" they said.

They have some great stories about river monsters that they have seen. Each has a big head and eyes like headlights. We were sorry later that we hadn't turned on the searchlights to get a look at our river monster. They claimed to have seen boa constrictors twenty feet long and a yard around. Maybe something like that rocked our boat.

In one river town, we met a woman who had been almost killed by a tiger. She was working in a field a few minutes away from her house. A tiger came out of the jungle and killed her dog; then it went after her. She picked up her machete, took a healthy swing and made a big gash in the tiger. He was so surprised by this valiant woman that he put his tail between his legs and ran. The tiger probably won't come near another Bolivian woman. The weaker sex, my foot!

We *Yanquis* have less fear of the river and wild animals than the Bolivians. Maybe that's because we are too dumb to know better. But a fear that always stays with us is that of getting lost in the jungles. We've heard stories of men who have hunted here all their lives and still got lost for three or four days at a time. In Maldonado a hunter wandered for nineteen days before finding his way out of the jungle. He was almost insane and a shadow of himself. He had lived on wild fruit, frogs, water from plants.

When I was out hunting with

Rosalino and Pablo their idea of a great joke was to gradually increase the pace and leave me floundering, tangled in thorns and vines, while they went 50 feet ahead and disappeared. They laughed while I charged ahead worriedly searching for them, too big to cry and too proud to call. Finally, I made Rosalino wear a red shirt. I could see that some distance ahead and catch up.

As we got further downriver we met other boats and were told that Father Fransen had been looking for us in a borrowed plane, but he had to turn back because they were low on gas. They would have found us around the next bend.

The plane left our Christmas mail and some food in Sena. So on February 2nd, Father Valladon and I sat in hammocks, with gentle breezes blowing, and read all about the cold winter, the flu and the snow. Ah, pity the lot of the poor missionary!

We did decide that when we got so far from headquarters that our Superior couldn't find us with an airplane, it was time to shorten the lines.

One afternoon, we rounded the last bend and there was Riberalta, shining in the sun. We had visited two countries, traveled some 1,600 miles of river, eaten mountains of rice, yucca and *plantanos*, deer, duck and monkey. That last item inspired this doggerel.

There are monkeys in the forest
There are monkeys in the zoo
But the monkeys we like best
Are the monkeys in the stew.

No wonder McDuff, my pet monkey, gives me fearful looks. ■ ■

OCTOBER, 1956

MONKEY a la McMONIGAL



DOES anyone want a recipe for fixing monkey? One day Pablo, the pilot, killed a manechi monkey; it was reddish brown in color and weighed about 25 pounds. Pablo was very happy because the day was his birthday and he wanted to celebrate.

With a hope and a prayer we cleaned it and boiled it and then threw out the water. Here is my recipe for monkey stew. It turned out delicious.

Separate 3-4 lbs. of boiled meat from the bones. Cut in small pieces. Fry in hot grease with two diced onions. When it is good and brown, put into a medium-sized saucepan. Make a brown gravy with flour and water. Add enough water to cover the meat. Season with pepper, salt, vinegar to taste. Cook for two hours over slow fire. Last half hour add potatoes, carrots, or what have you. Serve with plenty of cooked rice.

DRUM BEATS



Could they save for a rainy day
when the rains last six months?

BY EDWARD McGUINNESS, M.M.

■ NOT LONG ago an old Indian named Luis Ramirez came knocking at the door of my mission clinic in Cuilco, Guatemala. He was deaf and someone had told him that the Padre could cure him with a rubber balloon. I put a few drops of glycerin and peroxide in his ears. The next day Luis came again, and I gave his ears a good wash with a syringe (the balloon). Out of his ears came tiny chicken feathers and some pieces of straw.

I began to wonder, and then asked, "What did the witchdoctor say, Luis, when you went to consult him about your deafness?"

"He performed some magic and then he put some things into my ear that would surely kill the evil spirit that was bothering me," replied the Indian.

"Did he cure you?" I asked.

"No. But he said that he had frightened the evil spirit and it would no longer trouble me."

A few days passed and Luis came again to the clinic, this time to thank me for curing him.

"I can hear the birds and the wind once again," he said, "after

not being able to hear such sounds for a long time."

Then, out of a rope-bag that he carried over his shoulder, he pulled two big jugs of milk and seven eggs. He presented them to me as tokens of his gratitude.

Over in Colotenango, there is an old Indian woman, Maria Domingo, who is a very good friend of the Padre. Being one of the first to abandon the pagan rites of her ancestors and to begin the practice of the Faith, she is considered as sort of a pillar of the Church. Some time ago, Father Gerbermann went to Colotenango to hear confessions.

Maria bounced into the confessional with: "Good morning, Father! I hope you slept well last night."

Maria bemoans the fact that many of her neighbors do not want to enter the Church. "Why, they are just like a pack of mules, and do not know what they are living for," says Maria.

After Mass, while Father Tex was making his thanksgiving, Maria went up to the Communion railing and gave him a hearty handshake before saying good-by.

"Are you coming back next Saturday?" she asked.

"No, Maria," he answered. "I'm very sorry I can't come next Saturday. That's the day I have to go to the town of San Gaspar."

"That's all right," Maria replied. "I'll go down there."

And she will! A two-hour walk down the mountain for her at seventy-eight is just a warming-up session.

Father John Gorham is busy

breaking through two new windows in the old church. He is installing a new electric generator given to him by a friend. Both improvements will insure plenty of light in the church from now on.

While digging for the last corner for the foundation of his new school and convent, Father Gorham unearthed several clay pots, bowls and odd-shaped stones. On inquiring, Father found that the site he had chosen for his buildings was formerly a Maya prayer hill, where the ancient Maya had prayed.

A few weeks ago Father Gerbermann had a general meeting of all his volunteer catechists. Six new faces appeared and asked to become new members. Father decided to establish a central council that would direct the village councils. The village councils will be more on their toes if someone looks over their shoulders once in a while.

It was further decided that the central council would take charge of fiestas within the mission to do away with abuses and make the fiestas strictly religious celebrations. Finally, preparations were made to establish a credit union in Ixtahuacan.

The rainy season lasts for six months in Guatemala — so it is hard to persuade the people to save their money for the proverbial rainy day. However, they are saving their money in the Cuilco Credit Union. This year for the first time in their lives many Indians were able to withdraw some of their own savings to buy corn instead of being forced to borrow and thereby place themselves hopelessly in debt to stone-hearted moneylenders. ■ ■



CONFIRMATION. Maryknoll and the United States Navy had a joint celebration recently in Hong Kong. Bishop Paschang confirmed a group of sailors from the USS *Point Cruz*. Father George Gilligan who runs the servicemen's center in Hong Kong arranged for the confirmation in the Maryknoll chapel. Father Frank, Navy chaplain (left), looks on.

New Year's Every Sunday

BY JOHN J. O'BRIEN, M.M.

■ TIMES SQUARE on New Year's Eve and Ilave on every Sunday are pretty much the same. Most people have heard of Times Square. For those who are not familiar with Ilave, it is a town bordering Lake Titicaca in the Peruvian highlands. Of course, Ilave is there all week, but on Sunday it becomes something special.

From Monday to Saturday, Ilave is peaceful, quiet. The Maryknoll priests in its San Miguel parish keep busy. In Ilave's main plaza, twenty-five or thirty Indian women sit on the ground selling *aji*, oranges and coca.

Aji (ah-hee) looks like dried-out red peppers. When cooked, it looks like horse-radish and serves the same purpose. *Aji* is hot and delicious, a must at every Indian meal.

Coca is a green-brown leaf. In Peru it would be easier to find a talking llama than to find an Indian not chewing a wad of coca.

The oranges are not local products. They grow in the southernmost part of Peru and arrive by truck at Ilave. The altitude (13,000 feet) gives everybody a dry, thirsty throat. That makes sweet, juicy oranges doubly delicious.

There they sit all day every day — these Indian women who have come from far distances to sell their

produce. Business is brisk only on Sundays.

Late Saturday evening, Indians start to arrive from every direction. There are men with their bottles of raw alcohol; women carrying babies on their backs; barefoot children enjoying the excitement immensely. The Indians come because Sunday is market day in Ilave. They also come to have their babies baptized. The parish averages 50 baptisms every Sunday; most of the babies are less than a week old.

Some 5,000 Indians crowd into the main plaza, an area of one square block. What gives the plaza an air of Times Square on New Year's Eve is the fact that many of the men, by late Sunday afternoon, are well oiled. Fortunately, that is the only sad note on Ilave's Sunday afternoon.

By six o'clock, most of the crowd have herded themselves like subway riders into big trucks that will take them home — for some a ride of four hours. Then the dust settles and all is peaceful again.

A missionary gets discouraged when he sees much superstition, drinking, and disregard for Sunday Mass. But he takes heart when he remembers the millions of mission-conscious Catholics at home, praying and sacrificing for him. ■ ■



The tragic charred remains of the statue of the Patroness of their parish.

The Lady Says Good-by

**Thousands of willing hands
took the sting out of disaster.**

**BY EDWARD P. BROPHY, M.M.
AND THOMAS A. DEPEW, M.M.**

■ SMOKE belching from a window high over the sanctuary of the church shattered the lazy quiet of siesta time in Huchuetenango, Guatemala. The sight of that smoke galvanized Father Tom Depew into action. He ran to the nearest door of the church and looked inside. What

he saw were angry billowing clouds of black smoke that startled him into thinking about the safety of the Blessed Sacrament. He fought his way through the choking smoke; but when he got near the sanctuary he had to stop. The altar was an inferno of flames. There was nothing he could do but run for the rectory to spread the alarm.

Don Bernardo hurried to the tower and began to ring the bell continuously, the signal of a major disaster. The insistent peal of the church bell acted like a magnet, dragging every able-bodied person in Huchuetenango to the scene of

the fire. Most of them had seen the smoke and had come prepared. They carried pots and pans, buckets and flower pots, cans, tubs, pieces of hose — anything that would hold water.

Father Edward Brophy organized these hundreds of volunteers into a bucket brigade. The nearest sources of water were the town fountains. Old men and young men, little girls and grandmothers, brought buckets full of water, grabbed empty ones from outstretched arms and dashed for the fountains to get refills.

At first the smoke and the heat formed a terrible wall dividing the interior almost in two. The firefighters pushed that wall back gradually by dousing the floor with many buckets of water to cool it off enough for a closer attack on the flames that licked the back wall of the sanctuary, shooting through the smoke that boiled toward the ceiling.

One group of firefighters got ahead of the others, and threw many bucketfuls of water on the floor of the sanctuary. As they did, one brave man made a dash for the altar. How he did it no one knows but he managed to get into that fiery nightmare and out again. And when he emerged, he had with him the remains of the sacred vessels that had held the Blessed Sacrament.

By that time other men had climbed to the roof and were throwing water and sand down on the blazing sanctuary. The noise was deafening: people shouting, the clatter of pans and buckets, the hiss of steam as water battled with fire.

But above all these the crackling of the flames jumped to a fevered pitch. The bucket brigade was functioning at top speed but their efforts were pitifully inadequate.

One man rose to the occasion with a brilliant idea. He and some of his friends pushed their way through the crowd. Once outside they ran off in different directions. As fast as their legs would carry them they got to garages and some of the big stores in town. All these places had fire extinguishers. Once these men got back to the church the fire began to admit defeat.

They got back in the nick of time. Heat from the flames had shattered the glass from the window over the altar. Fire quickly found that outlet and was starting its deadly work on the rectory. The wood in a connecting passage scorched and blistered, just itching to burst into flames, when a fire extinguisher was brought to bear on it. If it hadn't been for those fire extinguishers — well, the Maryknollers in Huehuetenango would rather not think of what would have happened.

While the fire was being fought, various groups were rescuing church furnishings. Pews were stacked in the street outside the church. Vestments were taken out of the sacristy and brought to a place of safety. Sticks smashed the glass dust covers over the statues of the *santos*, and the statues were toted out. The last statue to emerge was the black ruin of the statue of the Blessed Mother which had stood over the main altar.

By that time the fire was just



At the height of the blaze

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a few sputterings of flame here and there. And then the last of these hissed out. When the smoke had cleared away, everybody was shocked by their first real look at the ruined interior of their once beautiful church.

The fire was a disaster but many willing hands had taken the sting out of it. What snatched at the attention of the priests was the way everybody in Huehuetenango had rushed to help. Offices all over town were closed that afternoon so the employees could help fight the fire. The Governor of the Department came early and stayed late. He arranged for soldiers to guard valuables stacked up in the street. Police were on hand to keep order and direct newcomers to where help was most urgently needed. As one of the priests said afterwards, "It would have been impossible to save anything without the untiring efforts of everyone in town."

The Governor sent some men to help cart the debris out of the church. Another bucket brigade began a clean-up job on the floor.

When most of the excitement had died down, the Governor arranged for a meeting. Present were many of the town's leading businessmen and Father Homrocky, the pastor. A committee was formed to raise funds for the reconstruction of the gutted interior of the church. A rally was scheduled for that evening to start the ball rolling. Huehuetenango's band was sent around town to announce the rally.

The fire, and all the hard work of putting it out, weren't what the people were talking about after-



Fire destroyed the interior of Huehuetenango's colonial church.

wards. What hit them hardest was what had happened to the statue of the Virgin. That statue of their Patroness symbolized Mary's protection of the parish — something that had been active for nearly a hundred years. And now the statue of their Patroness was an ugly piece of misshapen charcoal. People gathered in little groups to shake their heads and sniffle into handkerchiefs, sobbing over their lost Patroness.

There was much crying by candlelight during and after rosary devotions. The crowd in church that night led the priests to hope that the fire was a means of reawakening a real love for the Blessed Mother — stirring the people to follow her example in their daily lives. The fire won't have been a tragedy if it brings stragglers back to practicing their Faith. The bewailed Patroness of the parish will not have said good-by but instead made herself more at home in this pueblo. ■ ■



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There's no doubt that Jimmy (left) supports Free China. The orphans (above) are under Catholic care.

COURAGE VALLEY

■ **THROUGH** the magic of Marcus Mak's camera, we take you this month to Refugee Valley, an outpost of freedom in Hong Kong, close to the border of Red China. Among the thousands of refugees, Maryknoll has established four centers, each consisting of church, school, recreation hall, dispensary. Many refugees have become converts.

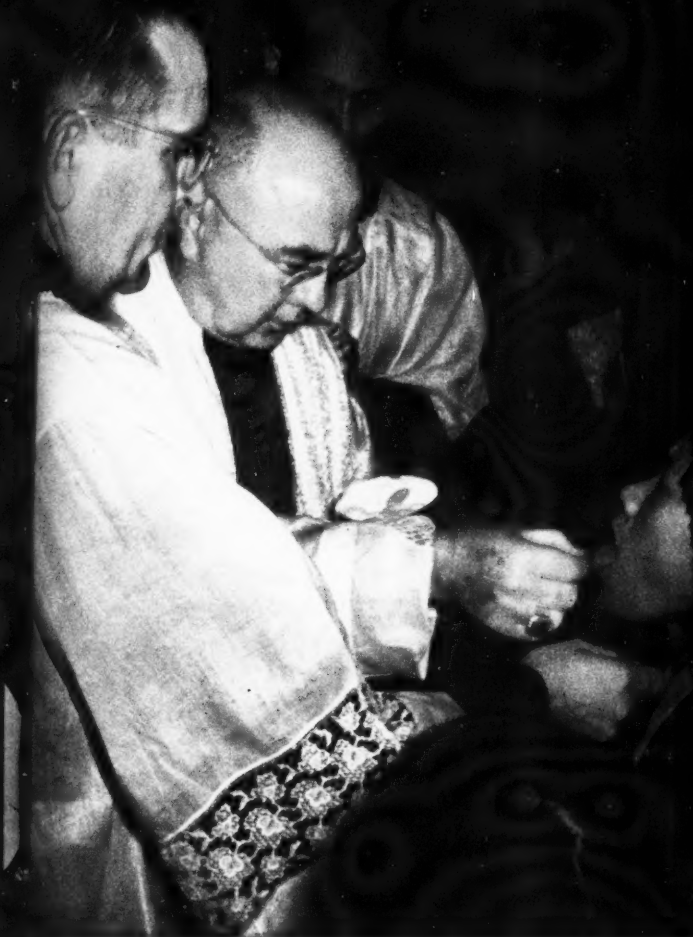
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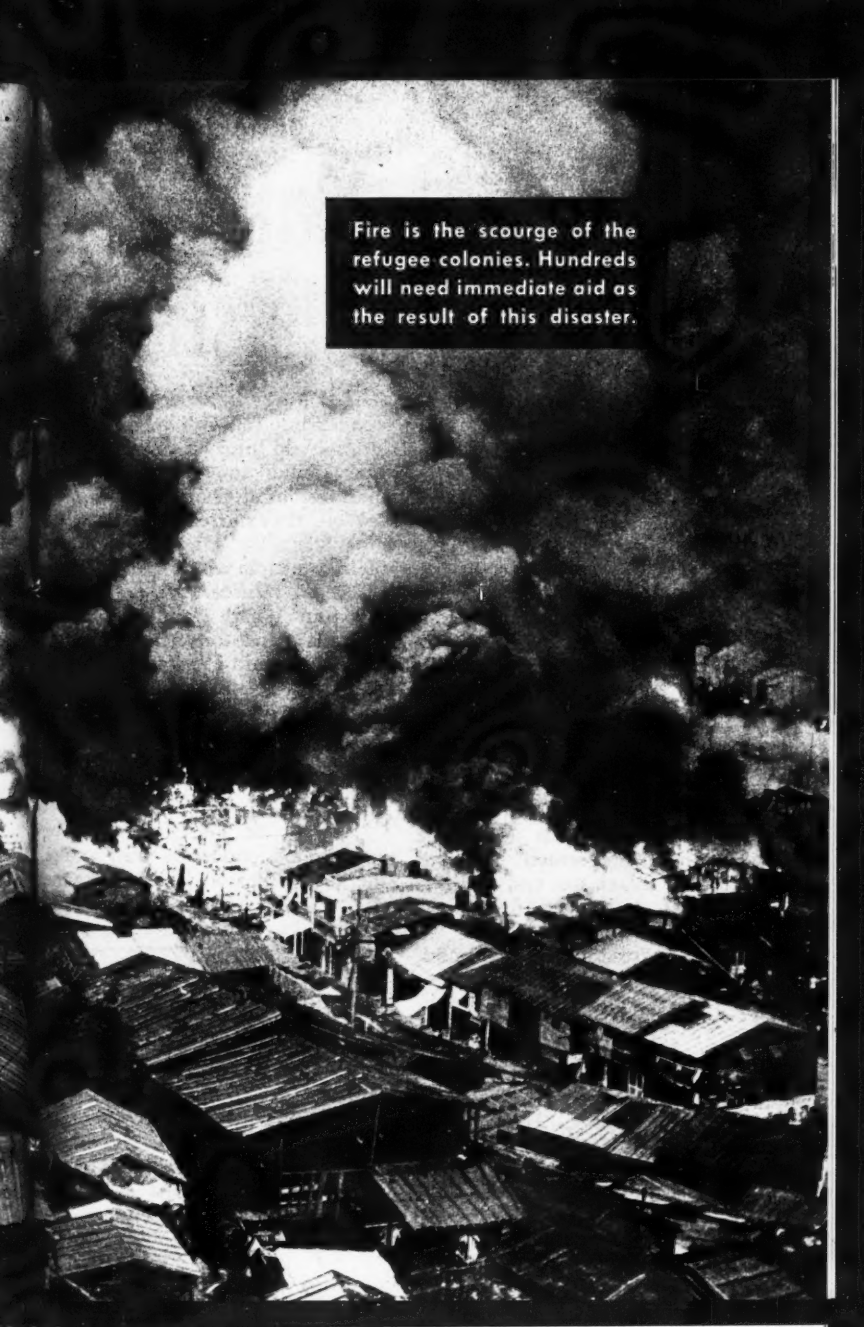
This refugee barber has his home and shop on the street. With a little help, plus hard work and economy, he will be a taxpayer in three years.

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ars.



Cardinal Spellman well deserves the title "Cardinal of Refugees." Here he distributes Communion to converts at Father Howard Trube's mission.



An aerial photograph showing a dense cluster of small, simple buildings, likely a refugee colony, engulfed in flames. Thick, dark smoke billows upwards from the burning structures, filling the upper half of the frame. The foreground shows the roofs of several buildings, some of which are also on fire. The overall scene is one of a major disaster.

Fire is the scourge of the
refugee colonies. Hundreds
will need immediate aid as
the result of this disaster.

How Can I Make Him Understand?

It was as simple as explaining why Americans like apple pie.

BY WILLIAM RICHARDSON, M.M.

■ I MET him at a wedding breakfast. He was a dark-haired fellow of about twenty-five, who had done a tour of duty with the Army in Korea. His recollections of that devastated and poverty-stricken country were not rosy. Dirt, hunger and strange Oriental ways flavored his descriptions of the Far East.

"Are you a Brother?" he began, after we shook hands across the table and were seated. He had noticed my black suit and tie.

"I'm studying for the priesthood," I told him.

"That's great," he exclaimed. His eyes sparkled for a moment when he told me he had "thought about being a priest at one time, but it didn't last."

There followed some minutes of small talk. He asked me when I would be ordained. He told me about a friend of his who went away to study for the priesthood. What he most wanted to know was would I be stationed in Brooklyn.

"I don't know where I'll be stationed, but it won't be in Brooklyn," I told him. "You see, I am a Maryknoller and I hope to go to the missions after ordination."

Well, that started it. On several other occasions I had tried to explain to people why I wanted to be a foreign missionary; this was the first time I had attempted to put the idea across to a fellow my own age. How could I make him understand? It wasn't that he lacked faith. I would say that he was about average — much like my younger brother. He had the American frankness to tell me he didn't "get it."

"Why?" he persisted. "You've got a good education and you're the kind of person a fellow like me can talk to. Why do you want to go out to China or some other foreign country?"

"Why were so many men standing in line waiting to enlist the day after Pearl Harbor was bombed?" I asked.

"Well, that was because we were attacked, because we had a war on our hands."

"Couldn't they have waited until they were drafted?"

"I guess they *could* have, but you know how it is. They felt that this

was war and they had to do something about it."

"There's your answer. That's exactly the way I feel. Our Lord commanded us to 'teach all nations,'

and since someone has to go, why not me? We've got a war on our hands too, and the fight isn't over a piece of land — immortal

souls all over the world are at stake. I'm no hero, but we've got a job to do, and if life is a bit dangerous and hard in the missions, well, that's a chance I've got to take."

"Yes, but you've got a lot to give up."

"Look. If you saw a house burning and knew a little child was inside, what would you do? Go in after the child, right? Well, the world is burning up with godlessness, and a great number of people young and old are going to be lost

in that fire unless they are told about God.

"I'm not going to deny that it's hard to give up one's family and the people one grew up with, to

go to another country. But God's grace helps overcome human feelings. There's also the firm conviction that a job has to be done and

with God's help, I can do it. Believe me, I consider it a great privilege."

"But," he objected, "why not stay in this country? There's plenty of work to be done here at home."

"God has never left destitute a country that sent out foreign missionaries. Look at Holland and Ireland, two of the world's greatest missionary countries. They have an abundance of priests in the homeland simply because they were generous to God with their vocations for work overseas." ■ ■

OUR ROSARY

Every Friday each Maryknoll priest, Brother and seminarian recites his rosary for Maryknoll benefactors. On Friday every priest offers his Mass for you.

INDY ANN GETS A SHINER





My Sacrifice and Yours

Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

DEAR FATHERS:

I understand that I and all Maryknoll benefactors are remembered in more than 640 Masses offered up weekly by Maryknoll Missioners.

I wish to help you train the 700 young Americans preparing to be foreign-mission priests in the Maryknoll seminaries, so that I shall have a share in the Masses they will offer later in faraway mission lands. While I can, I will give \$..... each month towards the \$500 a year needed to help support a Maryknoll seminarian. You may send me a reminder each month. I understand there is no pledge involved and I may "sign off" at any time.

MY NAME

STREET

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

VICTORIA

■ IF television were looking for a cast of characters to tell the story of Rosana mission in Africa, Victoria would be one of the main attractions. She is a typical Bakuria woman, full of life, hard-working, colorful in her brass earrings. She no longer wears brass bands on her arms and legs or the multicolored necklaces one sees on non-Christian Bakuria women. Victoria's earrings are last traces of former days.

Old Vic had neither husband nor home. Every mission in Africa gives harbor to widows because it is their only refuge. If the mission did not provide, a widow would have to follow tribal custom and live with her deceased husband's brother or another relative. If she is a Christian she may not do that.

I gave Victoria a mud hut near the mission, occasionally bought her clothes and paid to have her garden plowed. She swept the church daily, polished the candlesticks with brasso (also her earrings), and looked after my chickens. She used to summon me to see a sickly hen or a crushed baby chick or a schoolboy turned egg thief.



By JOSEPH REINHART, M.M.

When Victoria didn't greet me, I knew she was sick or some problem was bothering her. Usually she came strutting down the mission road, with her long pipe smoking like an incinerator, greeting everyone along the way like a star on the opening night of a hit movie. Around her neck hung a rosary with a big crucifix.

Her powerful voice startled visiting priests when she led the Mass prayers. She often brought us corn or vegetables from her field, in gratitude. She liked to talk about America and wanted to know who takes care of widows in America. Do they work in the fields? Do they wear nice clothes? Do they get married for many cows?

When Victoria learned I was being transferred she did not know what to do. "Who will take care of me after you go?"

On the day I left, she came and stood in the doorway, not saying a word, nor did I. Then I noticed tears sliding down her cheeks. She was nervous; so was I. She wanted to give me a farewell present. But what can a poor widow give except thanks? ■ ■



Sleepyhead

The telegram created
an alarming mystery.

BY PAUL TAGITA

■ "DEMPO!" (Telegram!) shouted the youthful messenger as he knocked lively on the door of the rectory of the Catholic church in Ueno, Japan. In the darkness a Maryknoll Father awoke with a start upon hearing the shouts and the pounding on the front door.

He glanced sleepily at his alarm clock. Midnight!

"Who can that be at this hour of the night?" he mumbled.

The Father felt in the dark for his robe. He made his way through the room to the sliding glass doors, opened the latch and was greeted by a high-pitched voice from underneath an oversized messenger cap.

"*Reonarudo san, deska?*"

Father nodded in a sleepy affirmative. The youth handed him the paper; there was a short signature; and off the messenger hastily went on a bicycle into the now quiet

night. Father Reonarudo (Father Roy Leonard) closed the glass doors quietly.

He turned on the light and unfolded the paper somewhat awkwardly, for sleep was still weighing heavily upon him. The Japanese character which caught his eye was *Fu-ru-ya*. Did it mean Bishop Furu-ya, his local ordinary? What could have happened to him? By now Father was fully awake and he hastily read on. One of the characters he could understand, *Ima shinda* (has just died).

"This must be serious," he thought.

Little time was wasted in donning his clothes and hurrying to the nearby house of his benevolent cook-housekeeper in order that she might translate the message. This elderly woman, a descendant of the old Japanese Catholics of Nagasaki, was at a loss to tell him what the word *Fu-ru-ya* meant because it was written in an unfamiliar script. Disappointed, Father Reonarudo hastened to his car to seek out the local English teacher.

After the proper apologies were made, the telegram was handed to



the teacher. (How much the priest could sympathize with those sleepy eyes that glanced over the paper!)

The teacher said, "Furuyama is the name of the post office which issued the message." With that, he returned the paper and said "Sayonara."

Back to sleep went the teacher and back to his car went the priest. Great was his relief! The bishop was safe. But who was it that died? The telegram gave no indication.

Through the deep hours of the night, the Father drove until he arrived at still another house. For the third time that night he knocked on a door and awoke dreaming souls. This time it was at the home of his catechist who worked at the post office in town. The catechist knew Furuyama Post Office is in the neighboring village of Yono.

Father glanced at his wrist watch and noticed the hands lazily finding their way to the one o'clock mark. He got into his Plymouth and slowly drove down the icy slope from the town to the temporary wooden bridge over the river. Father said an ardent "Hail Mary," hoping that the bridge would hold the weight of the car, for its timbers were already rotting and might surrender their support very shortly. Tedious and cautious was the crossing, but safe and sound the arrival.

It was only after many prayers, bouncings, shakings, and rattlings that he reached the house of Mrs. Itoe Nishioka in Yono. The family was awake. They cordially welcomed him and told him that Mrs. Nishioka had died that night.

Two weeks earlier Father had anointed her. This holy woman had immediately impressed him as a most patient woman. Never did she complain even though she had been in severe pain for nearly a year. Several times when he had visited her, he found her suffering patiently all alone in her home. Her family had to work in the fields.

Although the house was only five miles from the church, the Nishioka family was unfamiliar with the necessity of sending for the priest in order to administer Extreme Unction to the dying. And, as is the custom among Japanese country people, they did not mention the name of the sender in the telegram.

Later that morning, Father Reonarudo's Plymouth was again making its way down the icy roads to the Nishioka home. In the front seat with Father sat a man who had come sixty miles from Nagoya; he, too, was hastening to Yono. That man wrote this story, and Mrs. Nishioka was his elder sister. Mrs. Nishioka had been baptized six months before by Father Roy Leonard. ■■

Behind Our Prejudices

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ THERE IS a growing clamor in the United States for more and more legislation against racial and religious prejudices. While such legislation gives a greater public awareness of the evil and does prevent certain public prejudicial acts, legislation is no cure for bigotry and prejudice. The cure is much more gradual and far less dramatic.

As Archbishop Cushing has well stated, "The road to world peace is the street where we ourselves live." To find that road, we must understand a little more about ourselves and our neighbors.

Racial prejudice is not a disease in itself, any more than a running sore is the disease of leprosy. The running sore may be the effect of leprosy and an indication that the leprous bacilli are present in the blood stream. Putting ointments and bandages on the sore cannot cure the leprosy. And legislating

against racial prejudice cannot cure the basic weakness of which racial prejudice is but a symptom.

THE DISEASE of which race prejudice is but the symptom is a mental disease called "fear." Today people are afraid of losing their jobs to other people. They are afraid of losing their social position. They are afraid of losing economic or political power. They are afraid of being punished for past injuries. All of these fears build up conflicts and tensions. We seek a scapegoat on whom we can put the blame. To justify our fears, we pick on some minority group.

Fear is like a rat gnawing away in the dark. But when the light of knowledge and understanding is turned on, the rat flees. Fear is the child of ignorance. Dispel the ignorance, and you dispel the fear. Laws will not cure ignorance, nor will



This Month's Cover

LITTLE boys everywhere have bad dreams now and then. The lad on our cover lives on Formosa, a land whose neighbor is the twenty-four-hour-a-day nightmare of Red China. The horror of legendary dragons has escaped from story books and threatens to invade this boy's Formosa.

they cure fear. The remedy for racial prejudice is a long-term process of education. When we understand something, we may stand in awe of it, but we are no longer afraid.

We fear other people because they are strangers to us. We do not know them. We think that they are different from us. We are unable to predict their acts. But when we learn that men are the same the world over, that the most remote Africans or Asians are very much like ourselves, then we are on the road to understanding.

CATHOLICS have added reason for understanding, because of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, which makes us all one with Christ. We can be bigoted and intolerant only by denying our Faith.

"I voice no personal opinion," Archbishop Cushing told a group in Boston recently, "but with the consecrated authority of my holy office, as a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, and priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech, I declare to you that no Catholic can despise a fellow man and remain a true follower of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and an obedient son of his Church.

"Any Catholic who reviles or wrongs a brother because of his skin, because of race or religion, or who condemns any racial or religious group because of the mistakes or sins of a few individuals in that racial or religious group, ceases in that condemnation to be a Catholic and an American. He becomes a

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

disobedient son of Mother Church and a disloyal citizen of these United States. The Catholic who fails to take a stand against racial or religious persecutions, is at once a slacker in the army of the Church Militant and a deserter from the battle of Christian democracy; turning his back to a brother of different color, race, or religion, wittingly or not, he turns his back to the flag and to the cross of Mount Calvary."

These are strong words from the Archbishop of Boston. Every Catholic should ponder them. ■ ■



The Bell Ringer

For sixty-five years old Manuel climbed a hundred feet a day.

BY WILLIAM F. MARLEY, M.M.

■ I HAVE been working in the parish of San Roque, Bolivia, for almost three years. During that time I haven't written anything about this mission. I suppose it's because Father Flaherty and I were pretty busy trying to set things up in this section which had been without resident priests for years. We never got around to writing articles for the folks back home.

Now I am leaving for a new assignment, as pastor of a town named after General Saavedra. But before that happens I want to take my hat off to somebody.

Since our arrival, the bells of San Roque have rung every day at the same time — as beautifully one day as the day before. That didn't happen because young Maryknollers were interested enough in bell ringing to climb more than one hundred feet up into the tower of the church.

No, the bells of San Roque are famous throughout the region because of old Manuel Maria Lopez. He has been faithfully ringing those bells for the last

MARYKNOLL

sixty-five years. It seems incredible that a man of eighty years or more can get himself up into that church tower many times each day. But Manuel has done it. That's the truth and we have proof for it from parish records. All the old people around here remember the way Manuel rang those bells when they were youngsters.

Old Manuel never got much schooling when he was a boy. He hasn't traveled very far from Santa Cruz. But Manuel is intelligent in the ways of God — faithful, obedient and sincere. He doesn't look very strong but he can get up and down that tower ladder faster than any young Maryknoller in his prime.

To give you an idea of what's involved: Once he gets up into the bell tower, he rings a thousand-pound bell with one hand, and two connecting bells with the other hand. To get into position to do that he settles himself back on his heels. I've watched him at work and it seems as though he's doing a dance.

You can ask any priest in the whole diocese and he will tell you that Manuel has a knack for bringing out the best in those bells. Under his skilled handling the bells of San Roque seem to sing.

Four or five times each day, Manuel rings the bells to call people to church. Rain or shine, whether he's sick or well, he knows he's responsible for seeing that those bells ring on schedule. Get him talking and he will tell you the name

of each bell and rattle off the names of the benefactors who donated them to the church. He'll tell where the bells were cast too.

Manuel's knowledge of doctrine

is very little but his bell ringing is part of God's work, calling the people to hear the word preached, calling them to church to pray the rosary and receive the

sacraments, and bury their dead.

Manuel's memory is slipping in many ways; his hearing has practically gone; few people can understand his Spanish. Still, I've never known him to forget a Maryknoller who has lived, or come to visit, here in San Roque. His is a simple, unpretentious life here in the parish of San Roque. To worldly eyes it might seem drab and poor; in reality it is rich in the true sense, rich in fidelity to and love for the only work he knows: service to God as the bell ringer in the parish of San Roque. A humble job, but one near to heaven.

I shall miss Manuel when I leave — miss his simple courteous greeting every morning, his readiness to help and his deep and sincere attitude of respect. These are the marks of humility which the best of us would do well to imitate. I only hope that after attaining such a ripe age as Manuel's I shall have his fidelity in using the talents God has given me.

May Manuel ring the bells forever in the house of God here and later in his heavenly home. ■■

YOUR ROSARY

When you finish the rosary, won't you begin again at the crucifix and say the Our Father, the three Hail Marys and a Gloria for the missions?

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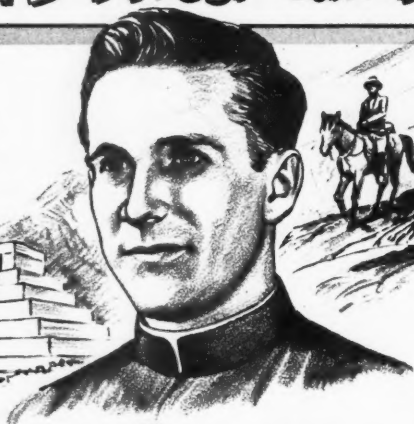
SUNDAY

h Propagation of the Faith

October 21, 1956

What ONE Priest Can Do!

THE HARDEST-RIDING MISSIONER IN GUATEMALA IS FATHER PAUL SOMMER, OF WEST ROXBURY, MASS. ONLY ON HORSEBACK CAN HE SERVE HIS MAYA INDIANS.



THE INDIANS OF JACALTENANGO WERE WITHOUT A PRIEST FOR TEN YEARS BEFORE HIS ARRIVAL. IN SEVEN YEARS HE FORMED A PARISH OF ACTIVE CATHOLICS.



FATHER SOMMER GAVE ALL HIS ATTENTION TO MEN AND BOYS. THE WOMEN AND GIRLS FOLLOWED THE MEN BACK TO CHURCH.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

10-6

Dear Fathers:

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☐ Priest

☐ Brother

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Street.....

City.....Postal Zone.....

State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....



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Meet the Leung Family

■ THE LEUNGS live with four other families on a thirty-foot junk anchored off Hong Kong. The boat is no longer seaworthy. Originally built for one fishing family, the craft is crowded with five. The Leungs occupy what was intended as storage space — an area five feet by five feet, and three feet high. Their family consists of father, mother, and four children.

The Leungs are genuine refugees from Communist China. They fled the Reds in 1949. Two of the children were born ashore and have birth certificates. The other two were born on fishing trips when the mother was cooking for the crew. Mother Leung is the one who tries to support the family, either by fishing or as a coolie carrying earth from excavations. Food must be bought, and the monthly rent (\$1.25) paid for their hole on the boat. Mr. Leung has been unable to find work since he lost his hand in an accident some years ago.

The Leungs dream of the day when they can own their own little boat and make their livelihood by fishing. ■ ■

CAMPUS MISSIONERS

A hundred foreign students get a taste of Southern hospitality.

BY GRAHAM McDONNELL

■ A FRIEND and I met Father Alexander Sigur last summer. His happy smile and fringe of black hair reminded us of a monk. But we soon learned that he is a diocesan priest from Lafayette, Louisiana.

Father Sigur is full of ideas and easy to talk to. He is the editor of the diocesan newspaper. He holds a doctorate in Canon Law, and has served on the marriage court. But to the mechanics at the airport outside the city, he is the young priest from the college who is always in a hurry to do the Lord's work, flying his own plane to many points in the South.

To the thousands of students at the Southwestern Louisiana Institute Father Sigur is known as the chaplain of the college's Newman Club. This is his full-time assignment. He is justly proud of his young parishioners. Thanks to him, one hundred and twenty foreign students are enjoying real Southern hospitality at the Southwestern Lou-

isiana Institute. S.L.I. is synonymous with U.S.A. for those 120 foreign students — and they love it.

Excellent courses in agriculture and the sciences have attracted these young men and women from distant parts of the globe. Latin America is well represented. Other students hail from Japan, the Philippines and Thailand. When they left home to come to the States for an education, they didn't expect the welcome they received from the campus missionaries at the college.

The campus missionaries are members of the Newman Club. They are twenty-five American students who shouldered the responsibility of meeting foreign students and introducing these young men and women to campus life at S.L.I. Down at the railroad station, at the bus depot, at the airport, these Newman Club members met the newcomers. Their warm, Southern welcome dazzled the tired travelers. What followed amazed them. The campus mission-

ers led their new friends through the maze of buildings and regulations. And then of course over to Our Lady of Wisdom Center, headquarters of the Newman Club on the campus. The new students from foreign lands soon felt right at home at S.L.I.

The tedium and confusion of getting settled into the routine of classes, complicated in some cases by a language barrier, were brushed aside as the Newman Club volunteers took charge of their foreign brothers and sisters. The welcome spread over the entire school year; other services made the welcome last. Housing arrangements were made for those who wished to board with American families. During the school year just past, sixty-five young Brazilians moved in to live with American hosts. Socials and study programs at the Center round out a program of extracurricular activities for both American and foreign students. Part of the Newman Club's program is an International Club for the benefit of all foreign students.

No haphazard plan is behind these efforts to make foreign students feel at home in the United States. The twenty-five volunteers form the Newman Club's foreign-student team. They handle all the plans and details themselves. Bus, train and plane schedules are checked, and someone is always on hand to meet new arrivals. Most of the volunteers are fluent in only one language but they are eloquent with friendly smiles and helpful attention — languages that can be understood by anyone. The foreign-student team has won the backing

and cooperation of other students, the faculty and the townspeople, to make possible the necessary follow-up work.

Our Lady of Wisdom Center is a pleasant one-story building that blends nicely with the rest of the beautiful campus. It contains chapel, recreation room, space for study and group meetings. A well-stocked library keeps the students up-to-date on current Catholic events, and helps them to bridge gaps they often meet between their Faith and the subjects they are studying in college. The Center is more than a fort to help the Catholic students guard their Faith. It is a place where the students can meet the Church as a world-wide institution that needs them.

Father Alexander Sigur directs this Center. He's the one who sparked the idea of welcoming foreign students. That served as an entering wedge for the big idea he wanted to put over to the members of his Newman Club. He wanted to convince them that the Church is a world institution. He says that the Church has been in Louisiana for over 300 years. It is about time for the Catholics of Louisiana to go out and help convert the world. To the south of Louisiana is all of Latin America — hungering for a better knowledge of the Faith.

Father Sigur tells his students over and over again that they personally have an obligation to help spread the Faith. He stresses what they can do, how they can serve. This kind of encouragement had much to do with making S.L.I. students campus missionaries. Both Father

Sigur and his assistant, Father Jude Speyrer, studied abroad. To them the foreign-student project was a natural. Their experience has made them keenly aware of what it means to be strangers in a foreign land, of how much strangers appreciate a welcome.

These two priests have turned the Newman Club into a true parish for all the Catholic students on the campus. It is a good-sized parish by any standard: the enrollment at S.L.I. is 3,800; seventy-two per cent of them are Catholics. Most of the foreign students hail from Catholic neighborhoods.

The Center is a busy place. Holy Mass — the most important meeting of any week — is well attended. Fifteen classes conducted at the Center fit into the college schedule: Theology for the layman; study of the Bible (a delightfully probing examination of the book); applied Catholic philosophy. A class in choral music helps to liven up breakfast at the Center. A course on Christian marriage leads to pointed discussion over lunch. All these classes count as credits in earning a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Teaching Certificate.

Perhaps the activity at the Center that attracts the most enthusiasm is what is known as the Bacalar Project. Bacalar is a small town in Yucatan, the scene of a mission that thrives under almost impossible

conditions under the direction of a Maryknoll priest, Father Donald Hessler. Several years ago Father Hessler spoke to the Newman Club about his mission and how he is using lay Catholics to help him.

The students were sold on his mission and adopted it. They do not have much money in the treasury but they have sent small donations

to Bacalar from time to time. They have helped with their prayers and other spiritual works. They have sent tools and books. In the process, they learned how the Church grows in other lands.

"Bacalar is our key project," says Father Sigur. A look at some of the results will show you why he makes this claim.

One student at S.L.I. plans to go to Bacalar as a technical aide once he has finished his schooling. Another student got the idea of becoming a priest, from his interest in Bacalar. Other students spend part of their summer vacations teaching catechism in neighboring States; several have gone south of the border for the same purpose. Many have helped local priests by volunteering for catechetical work.

Thanks to Father Sigur's program, the students at S.L.I. have learned that the Church is at home around the world. They have come to realize their responsibilities in making this truth come to life by being campus missionaries. ■ ■

BEST INVESTMENT

"We shall always discover ourselves unable to give to anything greater than to the making of good priests," wrote St. Vincent de Paul. To train a Maryknoller costs \$500 a year.



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AFRICAN STEW

BY CHARLES J. LIBERATORE, M.M.

Gather around: Two tall-story artists are matching wits.

■ SAYUSAYU mission is situated on somewhat of a hill in East Africa. At the foot of this hill, a family has been celebrating a marriage feast for three days. This family is pagan and they are carrying out all the formalities of a non-Christian wedding. Father Van der Schans described it this way.

The father of the bride invites the groom-to-be and all his male friends to his house, three or four days before the marriage. His daughter gathers all her unmarried girl friends to help her do the cooking. When the young man arrives with his gang, they have to fight their way into the house. Sometimes this

can be very destructive to a poorly built mud house.

After some time the loser of the battle has to give the victors ten cents. The guests are then admitted. Since it is usually late by then they all turn in, sleeping on the floor, crowded like sardines in a can. Early in the morning they get up and the girl's father takes them to his plot of ground to cultivate till noon.

At noon they all return to the house to eat *bugali* (flour and water, cooked over a fire) and meat. The father kills a cow each day the guests are present and the girls do the preparing. Before the meal — they eat with their hands — the girls wash the boys' hands and backs.

When the father of the girl feels that it is time for his guests to go he follows the custom of his people — which gets results. The girls are told to put cow hoofs in the stew for the next meal. When the guests notice they realize it is time to break up the party.

Now I believe that there are peo-



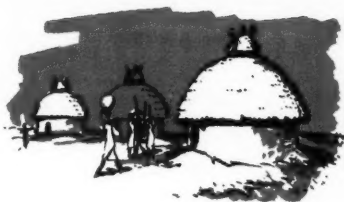
ple who can walk on hot coals with their bare feet. Before Benediction time one day I told one of the lads to get some fire for the thurible. We do not have charcoal here; either we build a fire in the thurible or get a few live coals from the kitchen fire.

I expected him to look around for some instrument to remove coals from the fire. Instead I saw the lad reach in with his bare hands and pull out some coals with his fingers. He looked them over to make sure they were hot enough, and then dropped them into the thurible. One would think that he was picking chocolates out of a box.

During a hailstorm many of the boys ran for cover, shouting, "Stones from heaven!" One of the lads wanted to know why these stones came down on them. As best I could I explained how cold it is away up in the sky, where water is ice. The ice was coming down at such a clip that it didn't get a chance to melt into rain. I told them that in America another kind of ice often covers the ground in winter, and the people have to wear many pieces of clothing to keep their bodies warm. Their comment, "Those poor Americans."

Father McGurkin returned today and will spend the night here. Such

an event is always interesting because he and Father Van der Schans like to exchange tall stories. Father McGurkin told some of Bishop



Byrne's tales that had the other tall-story artist stopped for a while.

Then Father Van der Schans came up with a story — which he says is absolutely true — about one of the White Fathers who killed a lion with his bare hands. The Father was on safari to a mission station. As he rode his bicycle along the foot path, a lion came out in front of him. It was too late for him to flee so he had to face death — but not without a fight.

While the lion was trying to get a good bite out of his neck the Father reached down into the lion's mouth and got a good grip on its tongue, turning it down into the lion's throat. The Father was badly scratched in the process but the inverted tongue had its effect; the lion was soon on the ground, dead.

That priest spent the next six months in the hospital, nursing his wounds which at first had seemed fatal. But he did recover.

Father McGurkin was silent after that one. He didn't have the heart to try and root out of his memory or imagination a story taller than that one.

Now, if I'm attacked by a lion, I'll know its vulnerable spot. Whether I'll do anything with that knowledge is another question. ■ ■



Vocations Are His Business

He made me feel like the most important person in the world.

BY RICHARD KAEMMERLEN

■ IT WAS in September 1946, when I stood on the steps of the Maryknoll house in St. Louis. I felt big at fifteen — just beginning to stretch in height. The wait at the front door seemed too long. The Boy Scout ring on my finger was spun nervously. What would this Father Martin be like? Would he growl like an old bear?

Then the door opened, and one of the warmest smiles I have ever seen greeted me. He was short and, I must admit, bulging a bit at the cincture. Yet I never noticed that till later. His eyes focused on me and me alone; his smile warmed me all over; and his words — well, they made me feel as if I were the most important person in the world.

I was inside the door and his arm around my shoulders. Did I like that — me, a kid of fifteen? Guess I just didn't think. All I know is that

at first I was scared, and then I wasn't. We talked a bit and soon he had another boy show me around the place. That first contact had won me.

For two years I watched him work for vocations. Once he heard that a boy was interested, he immediately went out to his home. He does this with all boys. Of course, it does not sound too difficult. But Father Martin has a territory of four or five States to cover. It is more than a jaunt from St. Louis, Mo., to Colorado.

One day he made a trip to another seminary, some States away. His sole thought, as he told me later, was vocations. His Mass was offered for that intention. All day he walked around, meeting various boys. No one was interested. A chance to leave early for St. Louis came along — but vocations made him say no. The purpose of this trip was vocations.

Instead of going home, he attended a banquet, which at a seminary or any other place was a real cross to him. As always, he offered it up for vocations. Never have I seen a man grab as many opportunities to offer something up. It was his tool for getting grace.

That night he sat at the end of the table. Before the speeches had begun one of the seminarians who was waiting on tables came up and asked if he was Father Martin from Maryknoll. He answered yes and the lad said, "I'm interested in joining." The two met later and talked about Maryknoll. His trip was complete.

Father Martin took a train back

the next day. For years, he has rail-roaded his way from vocation to vocation. He could easily be a conductor on the trains and yell approaching towns. He knows some methods of getting about on the trains which even the railroad men do not know.

Father, for all his winning personality, never forgets that he is a priest. God comes first and sacrifice is his ticket to success. On a hot and dirty train, there is plenty of time for sacrifice. Especially so when the train is rolling along under a Missouri sun. The perspiration doesn't just drop in beads — it flows. But as I say, he is a priest and wants everyone to know that. His coat may come off — after all it is hot — but his rabat stays on. The white collar flashes his true colors up and down the coach.

On trains Father Martin takes every chance to speak to people. Many do not wish to talk; others are too shy. But the porters and stewards, who work hard, love to stop awhile and gab. It is then that a few words about the Church and Maryknoll and the missions are inserted. And so another seed may be planted. Vocations are this priest's business.

At the end of his ride he steps off into the medium pace of St. Louis city life. He walks through Union Station and catches the street-car. Time isn't pressing and money can be saved. Many a time he said the ride of twenty minutes was hard but he offered it up for the vocations.

Back at 4569 West Pine Blvd., he visited the chapel in thanksgiving.

OCTOBER, 1956



Father Martin with two prospects.

Some routine business accomplished, he greets the seminarians and finally goes to his room. The speed and excitement of moving about have tired him.

As he starts to read, he hears a whistler coming along on the sidewalk. It's a young man who lives next door. The dear, melodious tones make Father take notice. A glance at his watch shows that the lad is right on time. Every day it is the same time. Perhaps some day he could be walking in the driveway with his breviary and just happen to meet the whistler. He muses over the thought. Tomorrow he will try it. Then turning back to his book, he reads. His eyelids falter and he dozes — with the zeal for vocations to Maryknoll still throbbing within him. ■ ■

The most beautiful

CHRISTMAS CARDS

**ever offered by
Maryknoll**

Maryknoll's 1956 assortment of Christ Child Christmas cards charmingly and tenderly portray the little Christ Who came to Bethlehem, His mother, St. Joseph, the wise men, the shepherds and all who participated in the first Christmas.

Created by a skilled, American artist, all 20 designs are new and delightfully "different." Tastefully enhanced with "gold," we

feel sure they are 1956's most distinguished Catholic Christmas cards.

May we send the cards on approval?

***Cellophane package
of 20 different cards
with envelopes \$1.00***

***Carton of 100
assorted \$4.00
(available assorted
only)***

Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Please send me:

☐ \$.....enclosed ☐ Please bill me.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (please print or write your name clearly)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



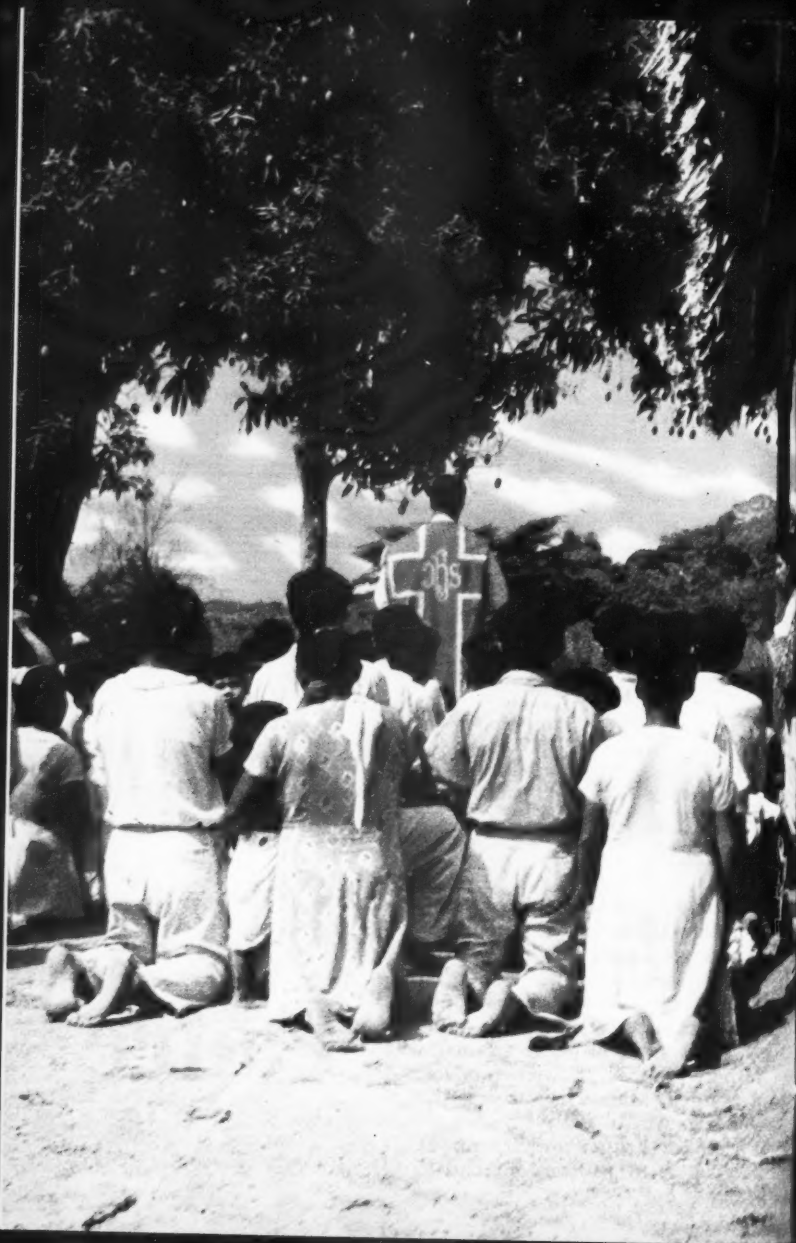


■ **WILD RUBBER** is the cash crop in Bolivia's Pando region. Rubber workers and their families live cut off from the rest of the world. To take care of those isolated souls, three priests travel in motor boats all year. One of these priests is Father John N. Fowler (above), of Malden, Mass. His parish is the Orton River.

It takes Father Fowler about sixty hours to go from one end of

River Padre

Text and Photos by
AMBROSE C. GRAHAM, M.M.



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Scattered souls in a land forgotten by men but not by their God.

his parish to the other. He arrived in Barracon about ten o'clock one morning, and found twenty families, who had been notified of his coming, waiting for Mass. He offered Mass outdoors (left) because the jungle clearings have no chapels.

After Mass Father Fowler baptized and confirmed a four-day-old girl who was near death. Then he had breakfast and performed six baptisms and thirty-five confirmations. Next, he unpacked his box of medicines and attended the sick. There were miscellaneous complaints, including earaches, malaria, dysentery, and pneumonia.

Meanwhile, some of the settlers fixed up a confessional. They hung a reed mat on the slatted wall of a house. The priest went in and sat on one side of the wall; a penitent knelt on the other. It was a primitive but practical arrangement.

Late in the afternoon, the evening meal was served. Chicken, rice, and bananas were the treat prepared in honor of the priest's visit. After supper, the small fry gathered to watch Father Fowler set up his kerosene projector for

OCTOBER, 1956





Their only entertainment is given by the Padre and his magic lantern.

slides and film-strips (above). Youngsters never tire of watching the religious pictures flashed on a whitewashed wall. Father Fowler explains each picture, teaching catechism at the same time. Few river people can read or write. Pictures are the only way to teach them the essentials of Faith.

After Mass the next morning, Father Fowler (right) said prayers for the baby he baptized the previ-

ous day. She had died in the night. Her coffin was a box that once contained tinned meat. Four little girls carried the dead infant to her resting place on the bank of the river. The world had given her four days of sickly existence; the missionary gave her a passport to heaven.

After the funeral, Father Fowler loaded his boxes aboard his boat and took off for his next stop. Such is the life of a river Padre. ■■



YOU Can Help Convert the World

BY BERNARD F. MEYER, M.M.

■ STATISTICS throw cold water on the notion that the Church is growing the way Christ meant it to. His command to preach the Gospel to every human being has been shoved into the background.

If you think those statements are harsh and exaggerated I'm afraid you forget that during the last 30 years the number of those who aren't Christians increased by 500 million people. There were that many babies born into families who do not know Christ. To get the full impact of that figure you must compare it with the number of new friends of Christ the Church made in that same 30-year period: about 30 million.

What can we do about it? Seems to me that the answer lies in paying a lot more attention to that *we*. We includes the Pope, bishops, priests; it also includes you and every other lay Catholic in the world. Christ's command was addressed to the whole Church.

Saint Luke brings out that fact in his account of the day of Pentecost. There were more than 120

persons present for that great event; many of them were lay people. They were no different from you. They lived in neighborhoods, had jobs that tied them down during working hours, had friends in for visits in the evening, enjoyed week-end leisure with family and friends.

The lay people on whom the Holy Spirit came could never be the same afterwards. They were fired with a tremendous desire to help others know and appreciate the rich spiritual reward of contact with Christ.

Lest you get the idea that lay people of that caliber appear only in the history books, take a look at what happened in a town of 1,500 in Minnesota, not long ago.

The priest there got his Holy Name men into high gear with a few simple facts. Together with them he discussed reports that many people were not satisfied with their present religious affiliation or lack of it. They would welcome an opportunity to give the Church a friendly hearing.

All the Holy Name men came to the conclusion that it was up to them to act on these facts. They began a door-to-door campaign to find the people who were waiting for a chance to know Christ. The searchers came to a new and fuller appreciation of what it means to be a follower of Christ. The results of that campaign were seventy-two brand-new friends of Christ.

Lay Catholics all over the world are coming into their own in recruiting new Christians. Once you and other lay Catholics get up a full head of spiritual steam, you can change the world. ■■

MARYKNOLL

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Bernie Joins the Convent



Prayer, hard work, and simple joys make up the life of any Sister. Bernie and other postulants begin to find that out at Maryknoll.

PHOTOS BY GEORGE BARRIS FROM "BERNIE BECOMES A NUN."





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■ A FEW weeks ago, Bernie (known on Wall Street as Miss Bernadette Lynch, efficient secretary) packed her bags. She boarded the New York Central and thought some long, deep thoughts in the hour's ride along the Hudson River bank.

Her nervousness melted before the warm welcome at Maryknoll's front door. One of fifty-some postulants who entered last month, Bernie felt she was welcomed by the largest missionary order for women in the United States.

Here she would begin to dedicate her life to foreign missions!





Postulant's dress and veil! Nothing much, but they are the first concrete signs of a dream coming true. A novice assigned to help her, shows Bernie around the house, tells her where to find things, gives her an idea of what she may or may not do.

Bernie discovers that Mothers General are less general and more mother. Mother Mary Columba governs 1,160 Sisters all over the globe. Nonetheless, a greeting as they meet in the corridors, and informal talks at recreation, bring Mother close to her youngest daughters. In Maryknoll's community room, hangs a board carved with the Foundress' high ideal for Maryknoll Sisters.



"YOU ASK ME WHAT QUALITIES
SHOULD MARK A MARYKNOLL
SISTER.

I WOULD HAVE HER DISTIN-
GUISHED BY CHRIST-LIKE CHARITY,
A LIMPID SIMPLICITY OF SOUL,
HEROIC GENEROSITY, SELFLESSNESS,
UNFAILING LOYALTY, PRUDENT ZEAL,
GRACIOUS COURTESY, AN ADAPTABLE
DISPOSITION, SOLID PIETY — AND
THE SAVING GRACE OF A KINDLY
HUMOR."

—MOTHER MARY JOSEPH



The day begins and ends with prayer, and fills in with various tasks assigned for each day. At Maryknoll, Bernie finds, one never knows what one may be asked to do. Ready for anything, she faces each dawn with a generous smile.

"Free time" is time to do something else — mending, odd jobs, extra study or volunteering for tasks which demand an emergency squad. Or — reading mail from home.







We owe our precious gift of Faith to the missionaries of old, who broke home ties in order to spread the Gospel story.

Bernie's parents and Bernie herself feel the parting, but they make it gladly for Christ's sake. Visiting days at Maryknoll find the Lynches glad that Bernie is so radiantly happy. Nevertheless, it is hard to say good-by at the end of the day.

A midmorning break in the garden work brings iced tea and lemon to the postulants. The tea was iced

long ago. Slightly lukewarm now, it is wet, however, and still able to provoke a happy pow-wow among the ever-talkative girls.

Bernie, leaning against a tree, is thinking: "How could I ever have known that an old, work apron and a fuddy, black dress could cover such a really happy person as I am? Truly, Lord, the deep wellsprings of joy are tapped only when one gives her life into Your hands. Make of me an instrument for good, for all peoples." ■ ■

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LUAU

BY WALTER W. JOHNSON, M.M.

■ DID you ever attend an Hawaiian *luau*? If you didn't you do not know what you have been missing. If you have a few spare minutes, I'll tell you all about it.

A *luau* is an Hawaiian feast. The main dish is pig. The pig is cleaned; then a deep pit, called an *imu*, is dug. Red-hot lava rocks are placed on the bottom of this *imu*. Red-hot lava rocks are also placed inside the pig. The entire pig is then wrapped with *ti* leaves and placed in the deep pit, which is covered over with dirt. The pig remains in the *imu* from three to four hours.

The Hawaiian people have an uncanny way of knowing just when the meat is ready. When this moment comes, the pit is uncovered and the delicious aroma of roast pork fills the air. The meat is then placed on the table and served with poi—made from the roots of the taro plant. There are side dishes of raw fish with a delicious sauce, dried fish, rice. Dessert is made from coconut and cornstarch. If you do not care for this dessert, there is always fresh pineapple.

As you sit on the ground, eating your pig and poi, you are entertained by men and women doing the hula. The songs they sing come from their hearts. You won't forget the happy moments spent at a *luau*, eating in the real Hawaiian way.



In many a college library, a Maryknoll Sister is working late to prepare for a lifetime of service to mankind.

Parents of college students know only too well that it takes money to educate teachers, nurses, doctors and social workers.

YOUR help in this will be an intelligent aid in spreading Christ's kingdom. It will also be a very practical investment for you and yours.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... to help train a Sister for mission work.

Name

Street City Zone State

As long as I can, I will send a month.
Please send me a reminder.

Letters

OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

Peace Offering

I have a copy of your wonderful *Golden Book*. I think it is the greatest book I have ever read. Would you do me a big favor? I left home in '49 to go in the Navy. By joining the Navy, I hurt my mother real bad. I haven't seen her since, and now I'm trying to finish college and cannot get a break long enough to go home. Will you send a copy of the book to my mom with a little gift card?

NAME WITHHELD

Clarkwood, Texas

Correction

In an article on Japan, the author attributes the lines:

"the Holy Ghost over the bent

World broods with warm breast and
with ah! bright wings"

to Anglican T. S. Eliot, but they are from a poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J. However, I am sure that Father Hopkins would have forgiven the author for the quirk of memory, as an author in the mission field is busy with even more important things than words — souls.

G. P. M. CARLIN

New York City

Admiralty Close-up

I have just finished reading the article in MARYKNOLL entitled "Disaster by Night." In my capacity as Commander of the Disaster Relief Activities in



Mexico, I had the honor of working with Father Donald Hessler. Like many other Americans and Mexicans, his help was invaluable — especially in the period before we could get rescue aid to his area. While in Chetumal, I took the enclosed picture.

M. E. MILES

Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy
Fort Amador, Canal Zone

"Green Magic"

I had the pleasure of viewing the documentary, "Green Magic," the other evening. As the exploring party neared the Bolivian and Peruvian highlands, I began to wonder if Maryknoll hadn't added something to the quality of the picture. Sure enough, when the credit lines were shown, Maryknoll stood out prominently. I left the theater, feeling just a little smug about my small contributions.

New York City

J. A. MORAN

Imitation

My little sister is in the fifth grade. She gets a copy of your magazine every month at school. One day I saw an issue lying on the table. I picked it up to see what kind of "kid stuff" she was reading. Was I surprised! Now I wouldn't think of missing a single issue.

SHARON KETTEL

Detroit

Inspiration

I was lying in bed one Sunday afternoon, feeling very sorry for myself because I was to undergo major surgery in a couple of days. To while away time, I picked up a copy of MARYKNOLL. I did not put it down until I had read it from cover to cover. After reading of all the poor people and the sacrifices of the missionaries, I was truly ashamed of my own little faith in God. I had my operation with new hope and faith — all because of your little booklet.

NAME WITHHELD

providence

Rosary Repairs

I should like to appeal for any used or broken rosaries, medals, and small crucifixes. I repair such articles and send them to missionaries in the Philippines. The people there are very poor and they deeply appreciate the gift of a rosary — even if it is a repaired or used one. The items can be sent to me at my home: 7 Parrish Street.

HELEN HOCHREITER

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Port Note

Father Walker's "Daybreak" in Panama is a beautiful piece of prose!

EDWARD DONAGHY

Worcester, Mass.



NEW Edition

— special for school children,
— liked by many adults.

• • •

This is the Students' Copy of
MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR.

• • •

Why not give a gift subscription to a child, a Sister, a teacher, a friend, a shut-in?

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Single copies \$2 a year. In bulk, that is, ten or more copies to one address, 5c each copy.

Please send the Students' Copy of MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR, to

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City.....Zone....State.....

Sign Gift Card.....

My name.....

My address.....

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One Dollar a month will educate a child in a Maryknoll school in the Bolivian mountains. How many, please?

Bibles in Spanish, a thousand of them at \$3 each, and 5,000 Spanish New Testaments at 75c each, are needed for Indians in Peru. They love to read the word of God.

Beds, Mattresses, pillows, bureaus, desks, washstands, bookcases, mosquito nets, floor mats, curtains and screens are lacking for new missionaries in Maswa, Africa. The whole lot can be provided for one new missionary for \$90.

It's Not Pleasant to be old in America. It is worse in Taichung, Formosa. But \$5 will feed and shelter an old man or woman at a Maryknoll mission for a month.

A Projector for religious instruction by pictures in Japan, will cost \$15.

Invest In a Maya Indian Sister. The complete cost of training one girl for the Sisterhood, \$200.

"We Could get lots of religious knowledge to Indians who have nothing to read, if we had a mimeograph machine." Two gifts of \$200 each, will set up this printing shop in Peru.

WANT ADS

Give a Seat to an Indian lady — or man or child — in a church in Guatemala — 160 church benches at \$5 each will fill the church.

Mass Wine and Hosts for a Korean mission for a full year can be donated for \$30.

Small Pay by our standards. Regular pay for a teacher in the jungle is \$15 a month. Mission schools in Bolivia must obtain more teachers. Can you help?

Light a Candle every day. A year's supply of altar candles for a church in the Philippine Islands, \$50.

Boys and Girls beg for athletic equipment in Riberalta, Bolivia. We could buy all that is needed for \$75.

Fifty Years old are the Mass Missals used at our Maswa mission, Africa. Your \$30 will supply an up-to-date one.

Altar Breads, hosts for the Eucharist, have to be made in Taipeh, Formosa. The missionaries could purchase an electric hot plate to make them if they had \$150.

The Lost Chord will be found if someone has \$400 to send to a mission in the Philippines where an organ is desired.

Chinese Priests in refugee camps in Hong Kong, are supported by Maryknoll; \$15 a month feeds and cares for one.





The Sun Never Sets

on the Holy Sacrifice in some Maryknoll chapel.
 Maryknoll Missioners celebrate Mass around the
 clock. In all our Masses we remember Maryknoll
 Members and benefactors.

People are Interesting!

Friar John's
extraordinary journey



1. Friar John of Monte Corvino was sent as the Pope's ambassador to the Mongol Emperor of Tartary.



2. He and another Friar traveled on foot across deserts infested with hostile Arabs overland to India.



3. There his companion died. Friar John pushed on across the rugged Himalayan mountains to China.



4. The Emperor received him kindly. He made thousands of converts; trained many Chinese seminarians.



5. Rome sent seven bishops to consecrate him Archbishop of China. Only four survived the journey.



6. Archbishop John of Monte Corvino and his helpers spread the knowledge of Christ through China.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

